

Vengeance Experiment by toleratekate

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-12-21 14:27:01

Updated: 2018-12-21 14:27:01

Packaged: 2019-12-12 23:18:37

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,117

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: In an alternate universe, before Doctor Martin Brenner had his experiments, 1-11, he first experimented on his pregnant wife. After learning of her husband's despicable crimes, Molly Brenner left her husband, taking custody of their two daughters. Fifteen years later, Brenner is back with a vengeance.

Vengeance Experiment

A/N: Because this is considered an alternate universe, eleven will not be involved at this time. That is subject to change, as I love her character and plan to add her eventually, just not at this time. Also, the cast ages have been changed as well. The party are around 15. Nancy is 16. Steve and Jonathan are 17. If I feel led to bring Max and Billy into the story, their ages will be 15 and 17 as well. That being said, the story will technically take place before Will being kidnapped, even though they're actually older. Which is the main reason this is an AU. Thanks for your time, and for any further questions feel free to shoot me a private message. Reviews are always appreciated, and constructive criticism is always welcomed.

It was a cold morning in November of 1983 in Hawkins Indiana. Spencer Brenner, along with her mother, Molly Brenner, was sitting in the office of the town Sheriff, anxiously waiting. He was asking a few questions here and there, ultimately acting as if it wasn't that big of a deal. As if Spencer's twin sister, Peyton, had just up and ran away, which wasn't a possibility.

"Are you going to actually *do* your job, or are you just going to sit on your ass all day?" Spencer spat, shooting his a glare.

"Okay, listen. You're going to have to *calm down*, kid. I get that you're upset, but you have to let me do my job." Sheriff Jim Hopper cocked a brow at the fifteen year old girl sitting across his desk. Something about the girl reminded him of someone, but he couldn't quite put his finger on it.

She had super long, kinky curly blonde hair. Her eyes were deep green, with almost a hint of blue in them. She was a small girl, couldn't have been any older than fifteen or sixteen. He'd seen her around here and there. He thought she was probably a part of some school group. Art club? No, that wasn't it. Soccer? Maybe. He couldn't remember.

Spencer let out a huff. "This is freakin' ridiculous. My sister wouldn't run away."

"Honey, why don't you go ahead and get to school?" Molly Brenner

asked, raising a brow at her daughter. "Don't worry, we're going to find Peyton. She'll probably be here when you get home from school." She forced a smile, but Spencer could see right through it. In fact, Spencer thought her mother was being weird about the whole thing. She definitely wasn't as upset as she *should* have been.

"Right," she nodded, heading out of the office. She turned around to shoot a glare at Hopper. "Please find my sister. She's scared."

After Spencer stepped out, Molly Brenner eyed the sheriff carefully. "Look, I know where my daughter is, Jim."

"Oh, really? Where?"

"My ex husband, Martin Brenner is a scientist. He did... *things*... to me while I was pregnant. I didn't know at the time, but these things were experiments. I know he has her. He has to have her."

"That name doesn't even sound remotely familiar, Miss Brenner."

"He works at Hawkins Lab," Molly nodded at him. "That's where he's keeping my daughter. You have to go get her. I can't even imagine the awful things he's doing to her."

"Alright, I'll check it out," he let out an irritated sigh. It was obvious he didn't think Dr. Brenner had her, but Molly wasn't budging. "In the meantime, go home and wait. If she did run away, that's the first place she'll go when she comes home."

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Her bike ride to school was short, as the police station was only a few blocks from Hawkins High School. This year she and her sister were freshman, and she absolutely hated it. She wished she could go back to Hawkins Middle School,, and honestly the only plus side to the High School was the track program, and even that wasn't enough to make Spencer enjoy the school.

She stood outside the school a few moments; she was already late, what would it hurt? She sat down on a bench, concentrating on her sister. *Peyton, Peyton, Peyton.*

Spencer?

Peyton! Spencer let out a sigh of relief. She hadn't heard her sister's thoughts in over twenty four hours, and it was starting to scare her. *Where are you? Mom and I are worried sick!*

Spence, I can't see anything.

What do you mean you can't see anything? What happened? Spencer knew she and her sister weren't like most siblings. They weren't even like most sets of twins. No, they were special, being able to communicate with each other in their heads. That was a secret the two shared with no one, not even their mother.

It's so dark.

Where? Peyton, what do you see? Spencer waited a few moments. *What happened last night?* She tried again. *Why didn't you come home? Where are you? Peyton?* Silence.

"What are you doing?" a boy sat down beside her. Spencer's eyes shot open. "Woah, are you crying? What's the matter with you?"

"Who the hell are you?" Spencer demanded, yanking her sleeve up to wipe away her tears. "What do you want?"

"Geez, my bad. My name is Dustin, I was just checking on you. That's what normal people do when they see someone sitting alone, crying."

"I am *not* crying," Spencer glared.

"Right," Dustin eyed her carefully. "Okay, so you weren't crying. You still look pretty upset. I thought you were Peyton, by the way. That's why I was checking on you. But you're obviously not, so I'm going to go." he stood up awkwardly.

"Wait," Spencer bit her lip. "You know Peyton?"

"Sure do. And you two look *just a like*. I honestly didn't believe her when she said she had an identical twin sister, but I guess that's who you are?" he cocked a brow. "What did she say your name was? Sarah? Sydney? Spencer?"

"Spencer," she nodded her head. "I'm Spencer. Did you happen to see Peyton yesterday after track practice?"

"I did, actually. She was going to walk home, something about her bike getting ran over or something. Why, was she late?"

"Something like that. She actually didn't come home."

"Holy shit," Dustin's eyes got big. "You mean she's missing?"

"I guess so," Spencer muttered. That was something she wasn't ready to admit yet. "Just, let me know if you hear anything, okay?"

"Of course," Dustin agreed. "It was nice meeting you and all, but I gotta get to class."

"Right," Spencer waved him goodbye. After he was gone she stood up and headed to class herself, desperate for a distraction.